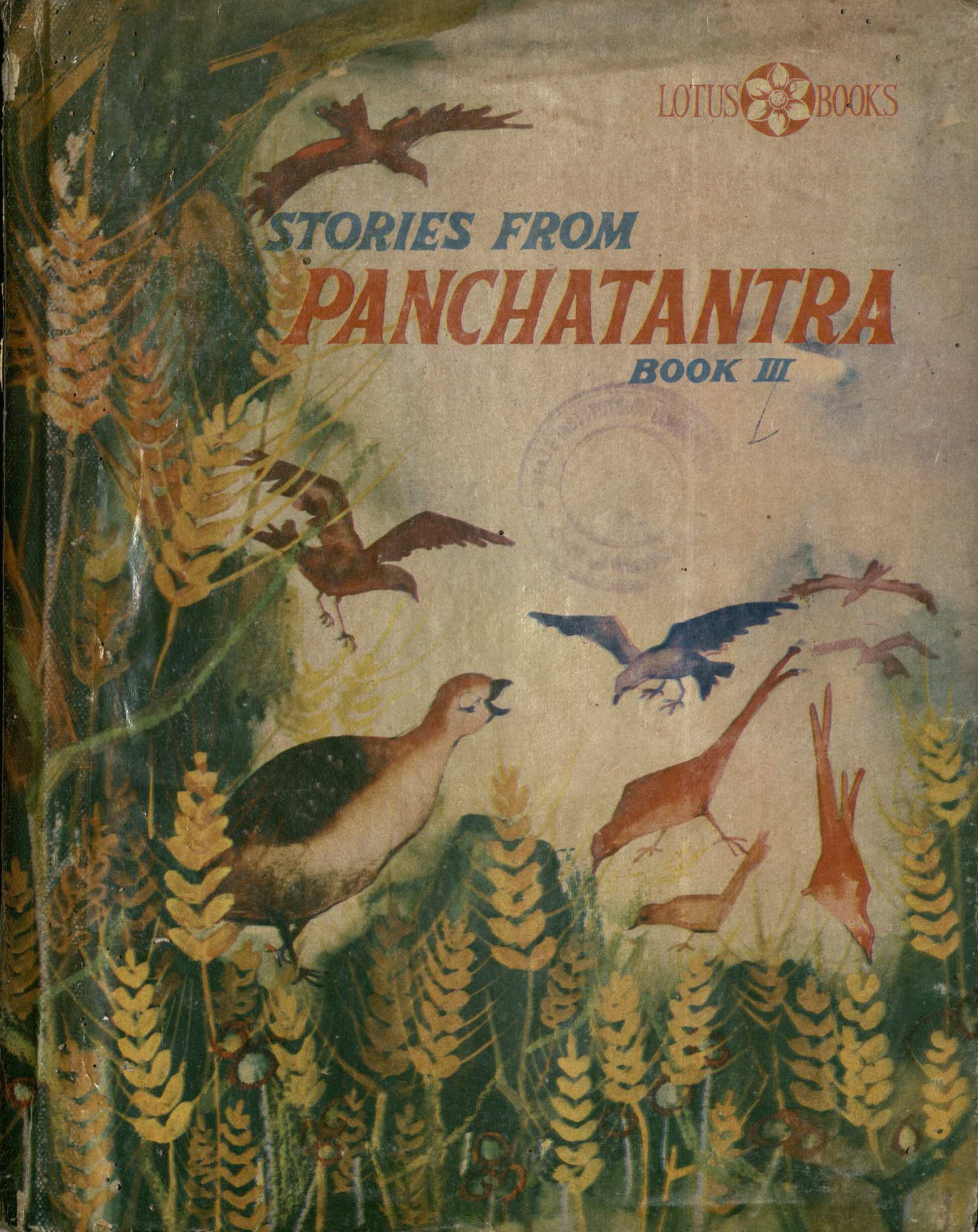


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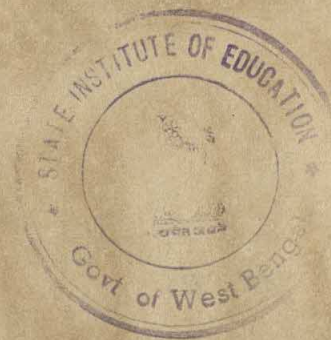
PANCHATANTRA

BOOK III





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STORIES FROM
PANCHATANTRA
BOOK III



CHILDREN'S BOOK TRUST NEW DELHI



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RETOLD BY SHIVKUMAR AND ILLUSTRATED BY DEBABRATA MUKERJI

FOREWORD

The *Panchatantra* is one of the most famous books in the world. It was first written in Sanskrit many hundreds of years ago, and it was written with a special purpose.

There lived, at that time, three princes. Their father, the king, was worried because they seemed to be very foolish boys. He engaged teacher after teacher, but each one failed to make the boys understand what to do and what not to do in order to get through life happily and wisely.

At last there came a teacher, a very old man, who promised that within six months he would teach the boys how to be happy and wise. The teacher did this by telling the princes many interesting stories.

By listening to these stories the boys learned that success in life depended on five things: stability, prosperity, determined action, friendship, and knowledge. The king was very pleased with the teacher's success.

It was these stories that became the *Panchatantra*, and since that time they have travelled all over the world. Everybody loves them. It is said that whoever knows all the stories in the *Panchatantra* will meet with great success in life.

This is the third book of stories selected from the *Panchatantra* to be published by the Children's Book Trust. Like the first two books, it appears in Hindi and in English. Later, it will be published in other Indian languages too.



The Jackal Who Killed No Elephants

Once upon a time a lion and a lioness lived together in a forest. One day two little cubs were born to them. The lion and the lioness were both very happy to have two nice little babies.

The lion said to the lioness, "You must stay at home and look after the babies until they grow up. I shall go out and bring you all the food you need."

Every day the lion went hunting and brought home enough food. One day, however, he could not find

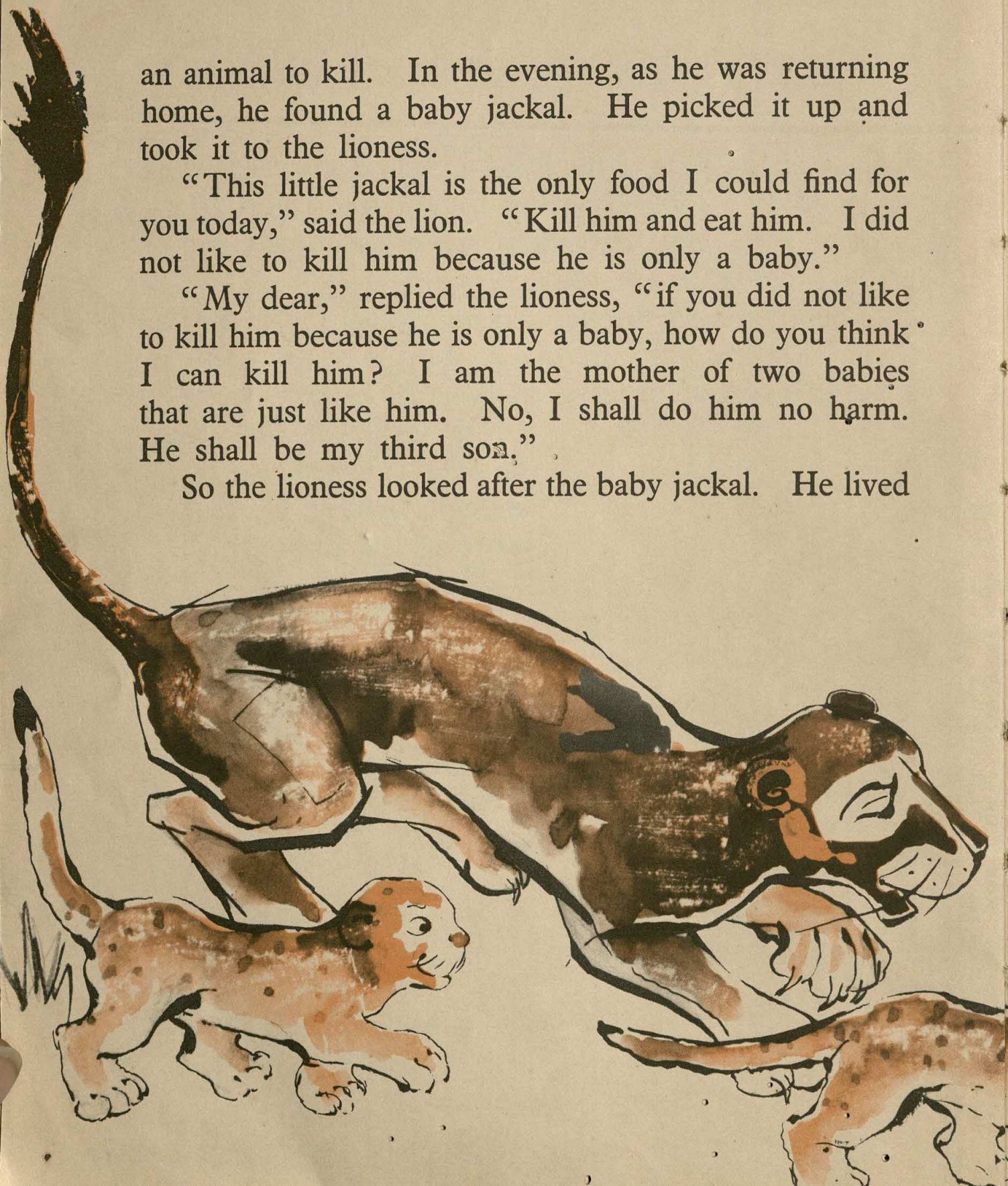


an animal to kill. In the evening, as he was returning home, he found a baby jackal. He picked it up and took it to the lioness.

"This little jackal is the only food I could find for you today," said the lion. "Kill him and eat him. I did not like to kill him because he is only a baby."

"My dear," replied the lioness, "if you did not like to kill him because he is only a baby, how do you think I can kill him? I am the mother of two babies that are just like him. No, I shall do him no harm. He shall be my third son."

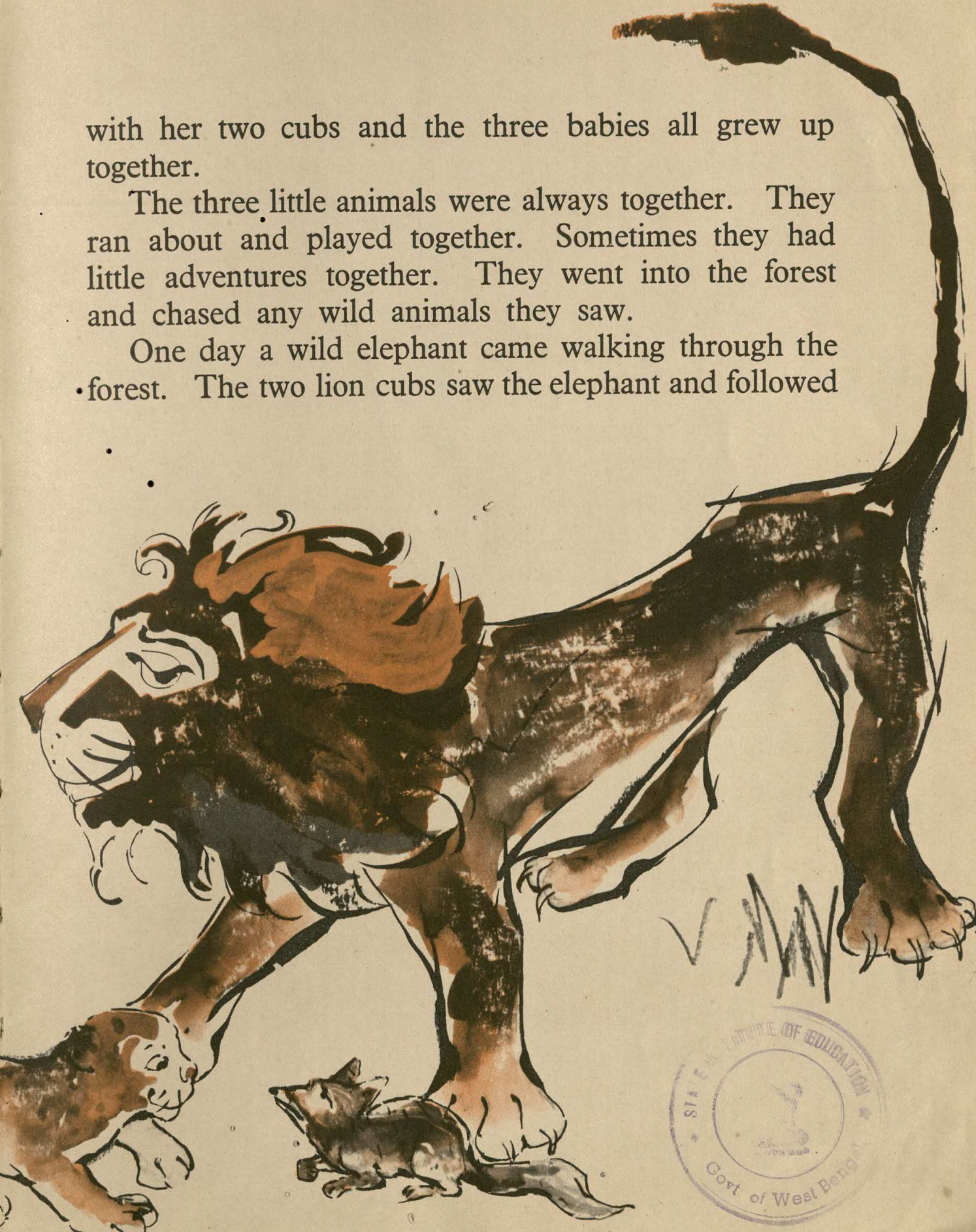
So the lioness looked after the baby jackal. He lived

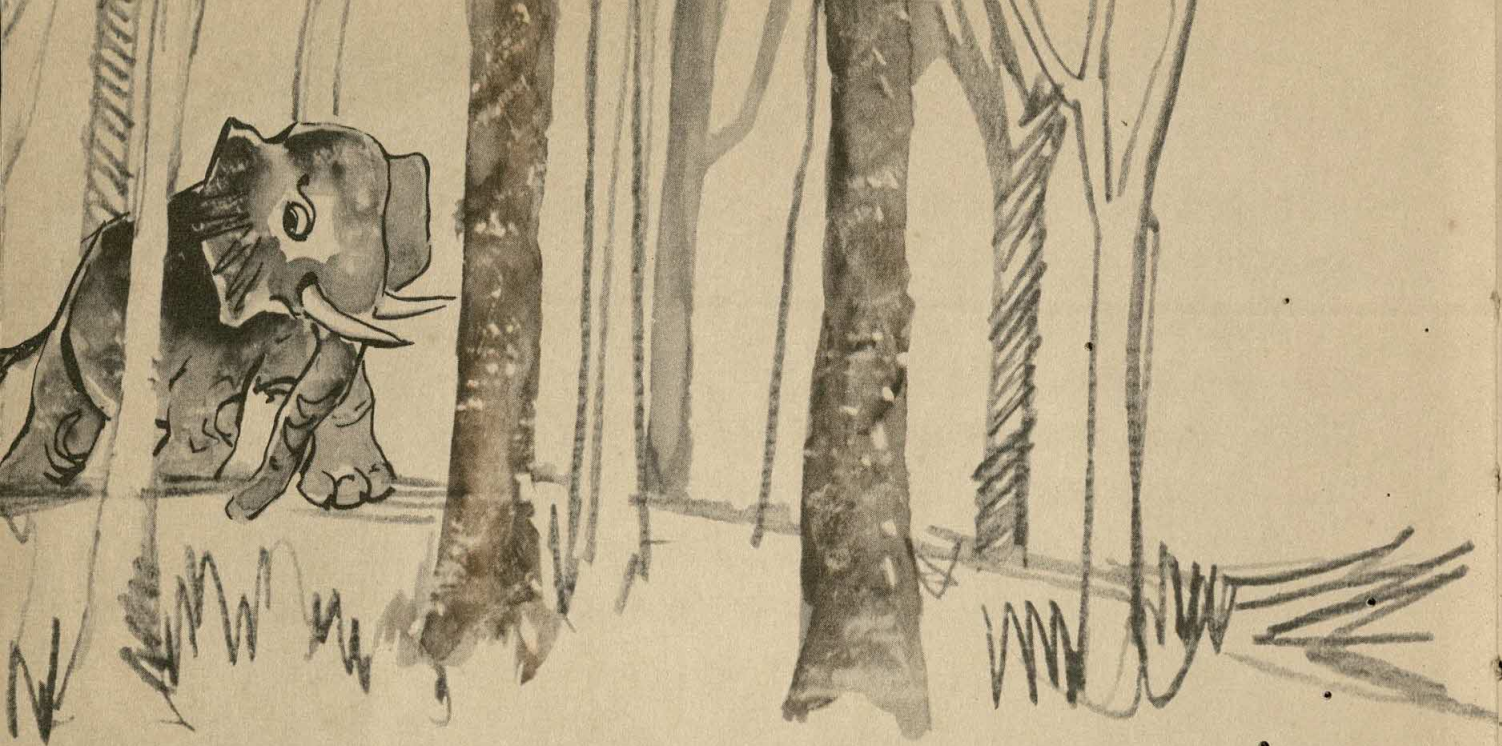


with her two cubs and the three babies all grew up together.

The three little animals were always together. They ran about and played together. Sometimes they had little adventures together. They went into the forest and chased any wild animals they saw.

One day a wild elephant came walking through the forest. The two lion cubs saw the elephant and followed





him. They wanted to kill the elephant. But their brother, the young jackal, was frightened.

"That is an elephant," cried the jackal, "don't go near him. He will kill you!" And the young jackal ran away.

Seeing their brother running away, the two lion cubs lost courage and ran home.

The lion cubs told their mother and father about the elephant they had seen; and they told them how their brother was frightened and ran away.

The young jackal heard this. He felt very hurt. He was angry and began to shout at the young lions. He told them he was not a coward; he was as brave as they were.

"Come out and fight with me," he said. "I shall show you who I am."

The lioness took the young jackal aside. "You should not talk like that to your brothers," she said.

But this only made the jackal more angry.

"What right have they to make fun of me?" he said.

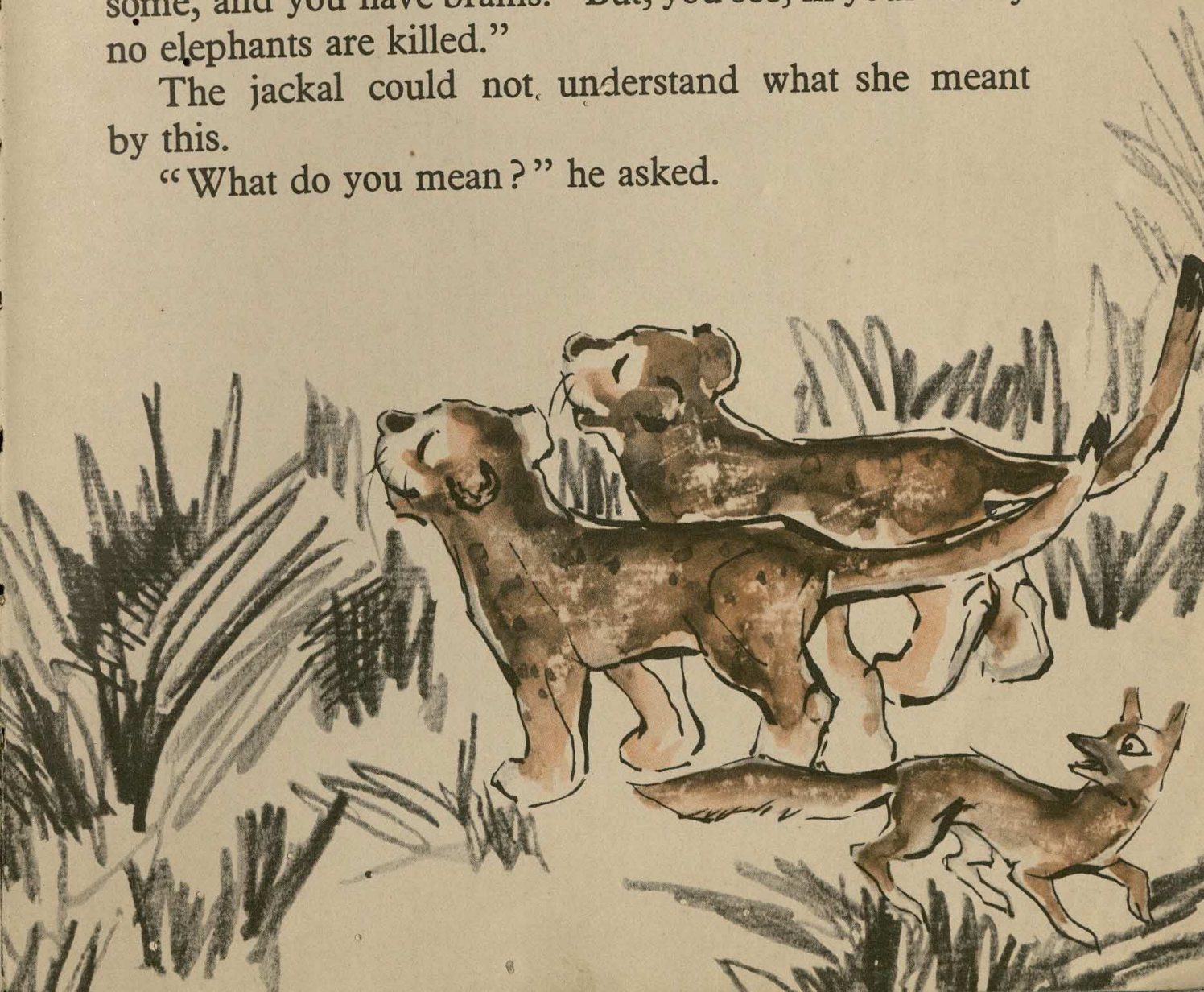
"Am I less brave than they are? I will show them my strength. I will kill them both!"

But the lioness only smiled at the jackal.

"You are brave," she said, "and you are also handsome, and you have brains. But, you see, in your family no elephants are killed."

The jackal could not understand what she meant by this.

"What do you mean?" he asked.



"Listen to me, my boy," replied the lioness. "Your mother was a jackal. I took pity on you. I brought you up like one of my own children. My sons do not know that you are a jackal. But now you should run away and live with your own people. If you don't, my children will kill you and eat you up."

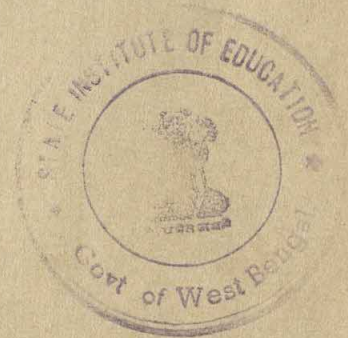
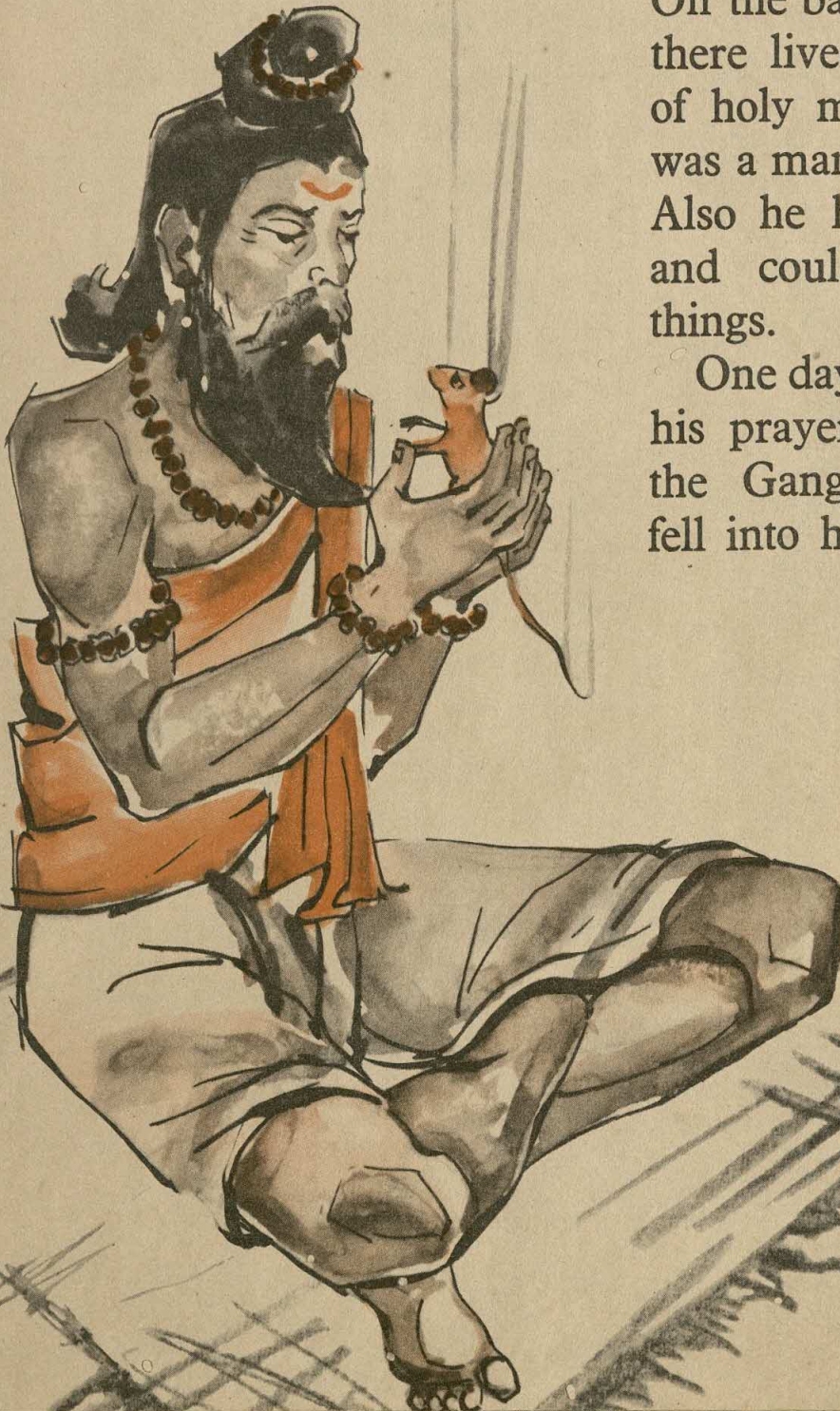
The young jackal then felt very frightened. He quickly ran away to save his life.



Mouse-Maid Made Mouse

On the banks of the Ganga, there lived a large number of holy men. Their leader was a man of great learning. Also he had magic powers and could do wonderful things.

One day, as he was saying his prayers after bathing in the Ganga, a tiny mouse fell into his hands from the





beak of a hawk flying above. The holy man looked at the mouse. It was a lovely little she-mouse, with a curly tail and shining black eyes. He liked her at once and wanted to keep her with him. So, using his magic powers, he changed the mouse into a little girl.

He took the girl home and presented her to his wife.

"You are always wanting a child," he said. "Here is our daughter. Bring her up with love and care."

The holy man's wife was very happy that at last she had a daughter to care for. She said that she would do everything for the child and bring her up like a princess.

Years passed, and the little girl grew up into the most beautiful girl in the world. Then the holy man and his

wife thought that the time had come to find a suitable husband for their daughter.

“Our daughter should marry someone who is greater than anyone else,” said the holy man. “I think the Sun would be the best choice.”

His wife agreed with him.

The holy man, using his magic powers, asked the Sun to come down. And the Sun came down.





"Oh, holy man, why did you call me?" asked the Sun.

"I want you to marry my daughter," the holy man replied. "She is very beautiful and very good. She will be just the bride for you."

But Mouse-maid was standing there, and before the Sun could say anything she said, "No, no, father. I cannot marry him. He is so hot. I want someone better."

The holy man felt sad. "Is there anyone greater than you?" he asked the Sun.

"Yes, there is," said the Sun. "There is the Cloud. When he covers my face, I cannot shine."

Then the holy man called upon the Cloud to come down. And the Cloud came down.

"Oh, holy man, why did you call me?" asked the Cloud.

But before the holy man could answer, Mouse-maid said, "I will not marry him. He looks so dull and dark. Give me someone better."

The holy man asked the Cloud, "Is there anyone greater than you?"

"Yes, the Wind is greater than me," said the Cloud. "The Wind drives me about wherever he likes."

Then the holy man called upon the Wind to come down. And the Wind came down.

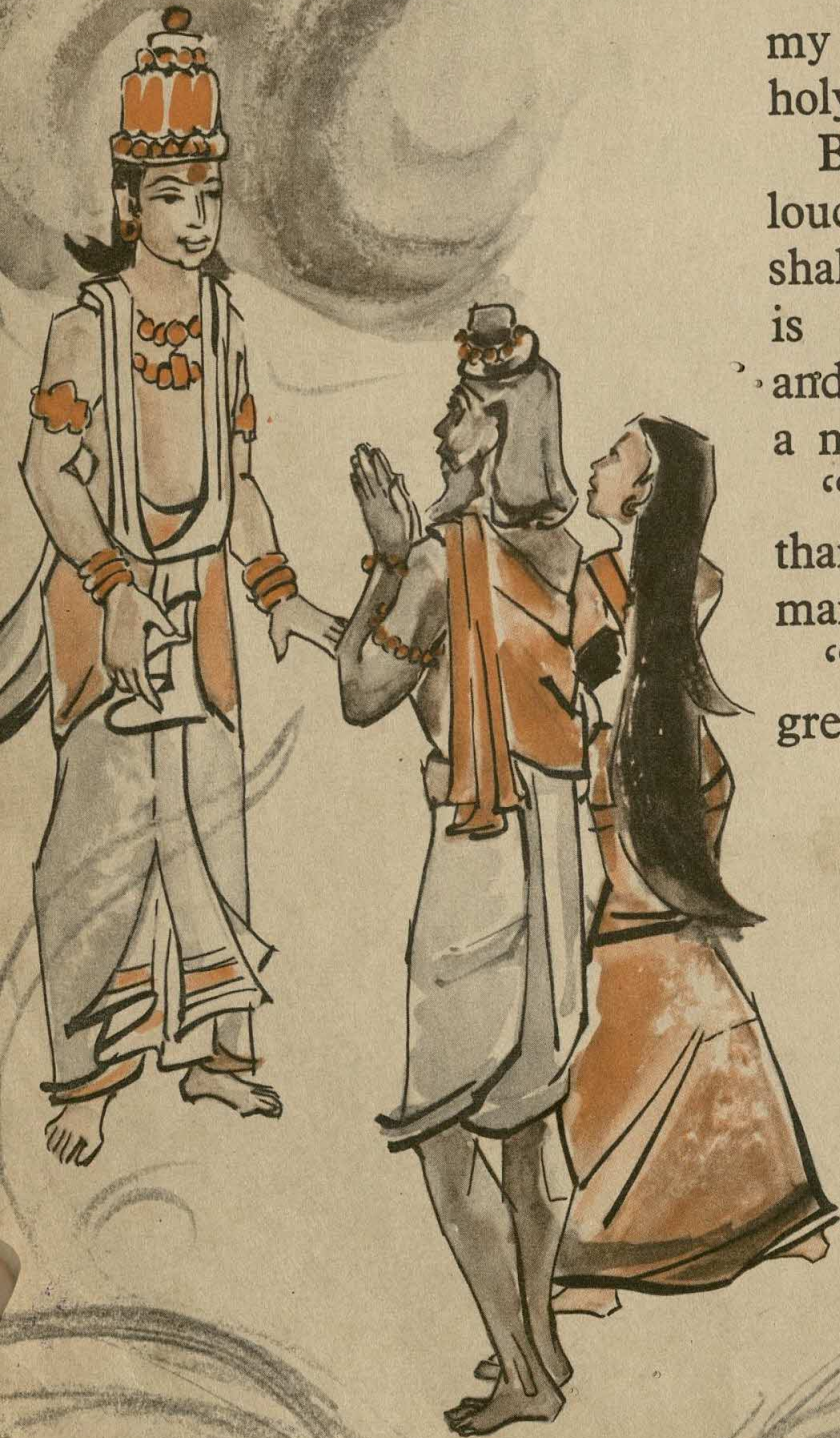
"Oh, holy man, why did you call me?" asked the Wind.

"I want you to marry my daughter," said the holy man.

But Mouse-maid said loudly, "No, no, father, I shall not marry him. He is always running about and cannot stand still for a moment."

"Is there anyone greater than you?" said the holy man to the Wind.

"Yes, the Mountain is greater than me," said the





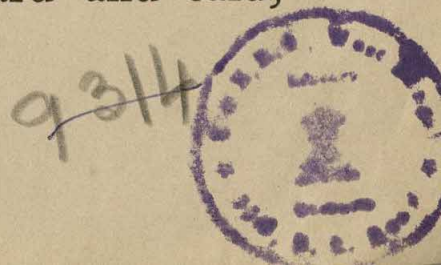
Wind. "He is so strong and tall that I cannot move him. I cannot even pass over his head."

Then the holy man called upon the Mountain to come down. And the Mountain came down.

"Oh, holy man, why did you call me?" asked the Mountain.

But Mouse-maid again jumped forward and said,

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"No, no, father, he is too tall and rough and hard. I won't have him. I want someone better."

"Is there anyone greater than you?" said the holy man to the Mountain.

"Yes, the Mouse is greater than me," replied the Mountain. "It is true that I am hard, and I am very strong. But the Mouse makes holes in me."

The holy man then called upon the Mouse to come. And the Mouse came.

The moment Mouse-maid saw him she jumped with joy and happiness.

"Father!" she cried. "He is the one I want. I shall marry him and love him with all my heart."

The hermit thought for a moment. Then, using his magic powers again, he changed the girl into a mouse and gave her in marriage to the Mouse.



The Loyal Mongoose

Once there was a farmer who lived with his wife at the far end of a village. They had a little son and they loved him very much. One evening when the farmer returned home from work, he brought with him a tiny little mongoose. He told his wife that this little mongoose would grow up and be a pet for their son.

The baby and the mongoose both grew quickly.



But in five or six months the mongoose was fully grown, while the farmer's son was still a baby. The mongoose was a lovely animal. He had two shining black eyes and a long bushy tail.

One day the farmer's wife wanted to go to the market. She fed her son and put him to sleep in his little cradle. Then she took up her basket and was ready to go out.

But first she went to her husband and said, "I am going to the market. The baby is asleep. You must keep an eye on him. I do not like leaving the child alone with the mongoose."

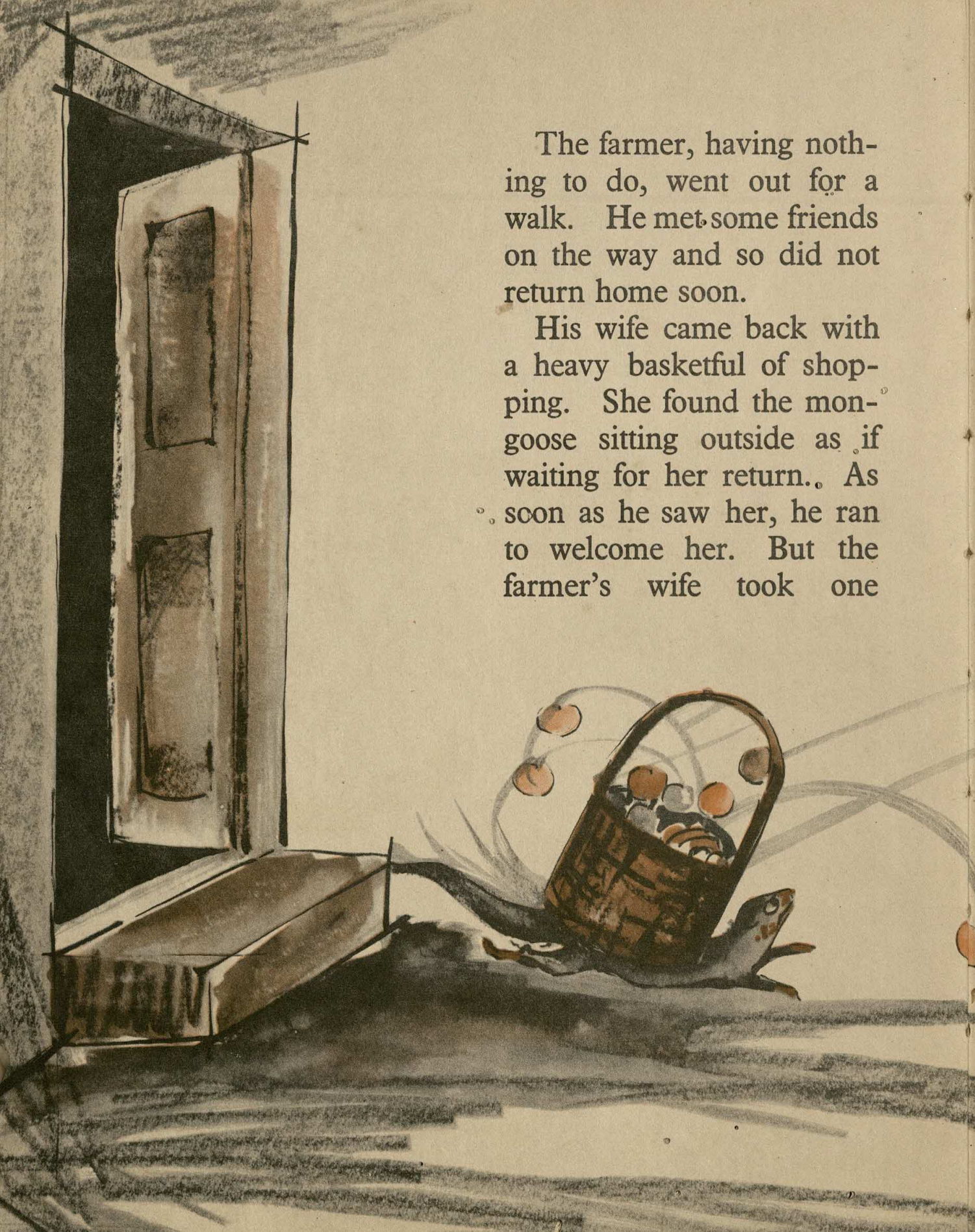
"You need not feel so afraid," said the farmer. "Our pet is as sweet and loving as our baby."

Then the farmer's wife went to the market.



The farmer, having nothing to do, went out for a walk. He met some friends on the way and so did not return home soon.

His wife came back with a heavy basketful of shopping. She found the mongoose sitting outside as if waiting for her return. As soon as he saw her, he ran to welcome her. But the farmer's wife took one



look at the mongoose and screamed.

"Blood!" she cried.

And, indeed, the face and paws of the mongoose were red with blood.

"You have killed my son!" cried the woman.

And she quickly and with all her strength struck the mongoose with her heavy basket. She then ran straight to the child's cradle.





She found the baby still fast asleep. But on the floor, below the cradle, lay the body of a black snake, torn and bleeding.

The farmer's wife at once understood what had happened. She ran out, calling the mongoose.

"You killed the snake!" she cried. "You saved my child."

But the mongoose lay still. He could not hear her. The basket had hit him on the head.

The farmer's wife now felt very sorry that she had acted so hastily. With tears in her eyes she bent down and looked at the mongoose. To her great sorrow she found that he was dead.



The Ungrateful Man

Long, long ago there was a poor brahmin. He was so poor that sometimes he and his family had to go without food. If he could have found more work to do they would not have been so poor. But somehow he could never get enough work.

At last the brahmin made up his mind to go on a long journey and try to find work.

Early the next morning, before his wife and children woke up, he left the house. He did not know where to go or what to do. He just left the house and walked away.

He walked on and on the whole day, until he came to a thick jungle. He was very tired, and he felt very hungry. He was also very thirsty. He needed at least some water to drink. He looked and looked for water, and at last he saw a well.

He went to the well and looked in. There, inside the well, he saw a tiger, a monkey, a snake, and a man. They had all fallen into the well.

"Oh, noble brahmin," the tiger called out to him, "please pull me out. My wife and children at home



is over there, just below that big mountain."

Then the brahmin heard the snake calling to him from inside the well.

"Please help me to get out too," said the snake.

"Help you!" exclaimed the brahmin. "But you are a snake. What if you bite me?"

"I shall never bite you," said the snake. "There is no need at all for you to be afraid of me. Please save me from this well."

So the brahmin pulled the snake out of the well.

"If you are ever in any difficulty," said the snake, "just call me. Wherever you are I shall come to you and help you."

The tiger, the monkey, and the snake took leave of the brahmin. But before



they left they spoke to him about the man in the well.

"Please do not help him," said one.

"If you do," said another, "you will be in trouble yourself."

As soon as the three had left, the man in the well began to call out. He begged the brahmin to save him too.

The brahmin felt sorry for the man, so he went and pulled him out of the well.

"Thank you for your kindness," said the man. "I am a poor goldsmith. I live in the city near here. If ever I can be of help to you, please come to me."

The man then went on his way.

After some time the brahmin continued his journey. He went on and on for days



and days, but luck was against him. He could find no work. In the end he thought it would be better to kill himself.

He made up his mind to jump into the river and drown.

But then he remembered the tiger, the monkey, the snake, and the man. He thought he would give them a chance to help him.

He went first to the monkey. The monkey was very happy to see him. He gave him a great welcome and fed him on many kinds of fruit.

There were mangoes, pineapples, grapes, pomegranates, and many other fruits. The brahmin ate well.





“You are always welcome here,” said the monkey when the brahmin told him how grateful he was.

Now the brahmin wanted to see how the tiger would treat him. The monkey showed him the way to the tiger’s home.

As soon as the tiger saw the brahmin coming he ran

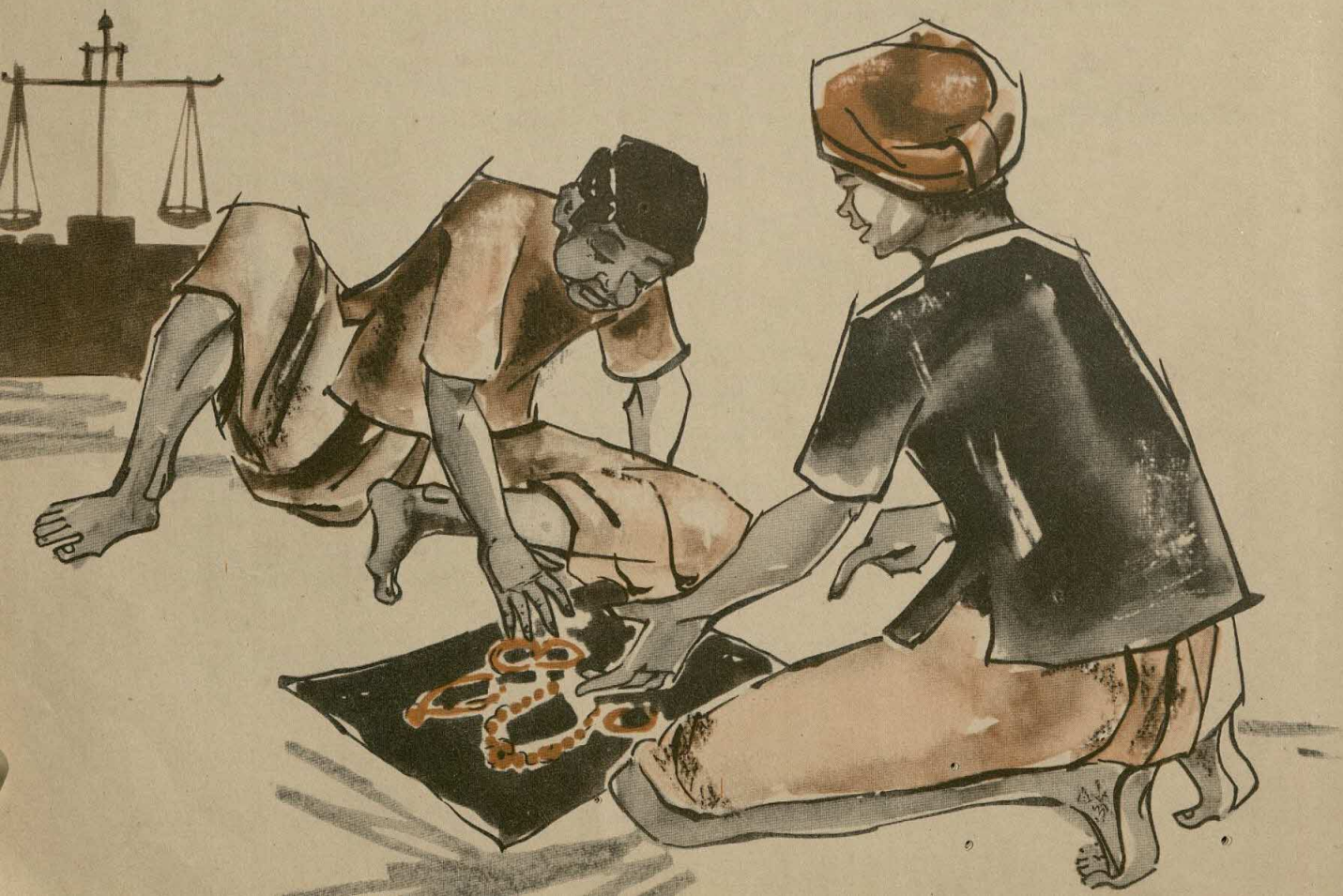
out to welcome him. He had not forgotten the man who had saved his life.

The tiger gave the brahmin a gold necklace and many other ornaments which he had taken from a prince.

The brahmin thanked the tiger for his gift and went on his way.

Now his journey had at last brought him luck, he thought. He would be able to sell the ornaments for a good price. Then he could return home.

How happy his wife would be. With all the wealth he would get by selling the ornaments, they could live



happily. But who could help him sell the ornaments? He remembered the goldsmith. Would he help? He went to the goldsmith's house.

The goldsmith was glad to see the brahmin.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

"I have come to ask you to help me," replied the brahmin. "I have here some valuable ornaments. I want you to help me to sell them."

The goldsmith took the necklace and other ornaments and looked at them very carefully.

"I shall certainly help you," he said. "But now I shall go and ask another goldsmith how to sell them. Kindly wait here while I go to him. I shall soon come back."

The goldsmith called his wife and asked her to look after the guest. He then went out with the ornaments.

The goldsmith ran straight to the palace of the King. He went to the King and showed him the ornaments which the brahmin wanted to sell.

"Your Majesty," he said, "a man brought these ornaments to me and asked me to sell them. But they are the ornaments which I made for the prince who is missing. So I told this man to wait in my house, and I ran here at once, Your Majesty, to show the ornaments to you."

"Who is this man? Where is he?" roared the King.





"This fellow must have killed my son and taken all his ornaments."

"He is a brahmin," answered the goldsmith, "and he is there, in my house."

The King shouted for his officers and they came running to him.

"Arrest the brahmin who is in the goldsmith's house," ordered the King, "and throw him into prison. Tomorrow we shall decide what to do with him."

The King's men went and took the brahmin and shut him up in the jail. The brahmin could not understand what was happening.

"Why have I been arrested and put in this prison?" he asked the guard.

"Because you killed the young prince and stole his ornaments," replied the



guard. "You will certainly be put to death for this great crime."

The brahmin was astonished. He was filled with dismay at this false charge. But what could he do? There was no one to help him.

Then he remembered the words of the snake he had pulled out of the well. So he called to the snake to come, and after a few minutes the snake appeared.

"What can I do for you?" the snake asked.

"Oh, please help me," cried the brahmin. "I have been thrown into prison, and I am going to be killed for something I have not done."

The brahmin then told the snake all about the ornaments. The snake thought for a while.

"I have a plan," said the snake at last. "I know how to save you."

"Tell me," cried the brahmin.

"I shall now creep into the Queen's room and bite her," said the snake. "My poison will make the Queen faint. And she will stay unconscious. No matter what they do to try and cure her, they will not be able to."

"Then what will happen?" asked the brahmin.

"The poison will remain until you place your hand upon the Queen's forehead," explained the snake.

He then left the brahmin's prison cell and went to the palace. He crept into the Queen's room and went and bit the Queen. The Queen fell in a faint.

Everyone in the palace felt very upset. Alarm and dismay spread all over the country as the sad news went round that the Queen had been bitten by a snake.



Doctors came from far and near, but all their medicines were useless. Whatever treatment they tried, they could not cure the Queen. Scientists tried their science, druggists tried their drugs, and magicians tried their magic. But it was all useless. No one could cure the Queen and make her well again.

Finally, the King declared that anyone who could cure the Queen would be given a large reward. The



King sent a large number of men to every town and village in the country. They walked through the streets beating drums and telling the people about the King's reward.

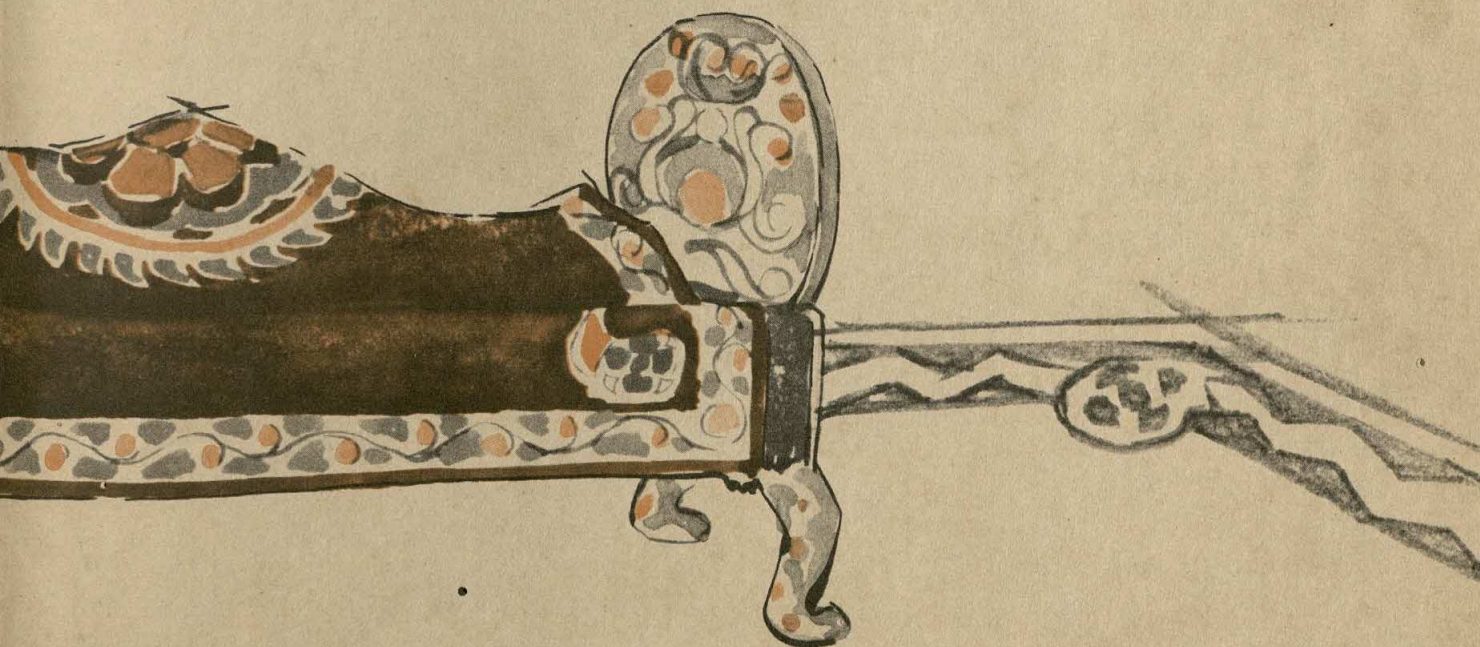
Many people went to the palace and tried to cure the Queen, but they all failed.

In his prison cell the brahmin, too, heard of the reward offered by the King.

"I can cure the Queen," the brahmin said to his guards.

At once the guards took the brahmin to the King, and the King took him to the Queen. There she lay in her bed, looking more dead than alive. The snake's poison had caused her to turn blue.

The brahmin walked up to the Queen and placed his hand on her forehead. The moment he did so the



Queen opened her eyes and sat up. The poison had left her. She was no longer blue and was now just as well as she had been before the snake bit her.

There was joy throughout the land. The King was very happy and he was very grateful to the brahmin.

"Who are you?" the King asked the brahmin. "And why were you sent to prison?"

"Your Majesty," replied the brahmin, "I was sent to prison for a crime I did not commit."

"What do you mean?" cried the King.

The brahmin then told the King the whole story. He told him all that had happened from the day he left home until the day he was thrown into prison.





The King was very angry when he heard what the goldsmith had done.

He at once had the goldsmith arrested and punished.

He was sorry that the brahmin had been put into prison and punished for something he had not done. He therefore gave the brahmin a large house and a thousand pieces of gold.

The brahmin sent for his wife and children and they all lived happily together in the beautiful house. The brahmin became very famous because he was good and holy.

He was devoted to the King and became his trusted friend.

He and his family lived happily ever after.

The Cat's Judgement

A partridge lived in her nest on the ground beneath a large peepul tree.

She lived there for many years. She was kind and friendly to all the little animals and birds.

One day the partridge left her cosy home and went out to look for food.

She travelled far, and at last she came to a rice field. It was time for the harvest, for the rice was fully ripe. The partridge liked ripe rice very much.

She stayed in the field eating as much rice as she could. She made friends with the other birds there, and




time passed very happily. She did not return home that day, nor the next day, nor the next. She stayed in the rice field for many days.

While the partridge was away a rabbit found her empty nest. The rabbit had no home of his own, so he went to live in the partridge's nest and made it his home. He lived there happily for a number of days.

When the partridge re-





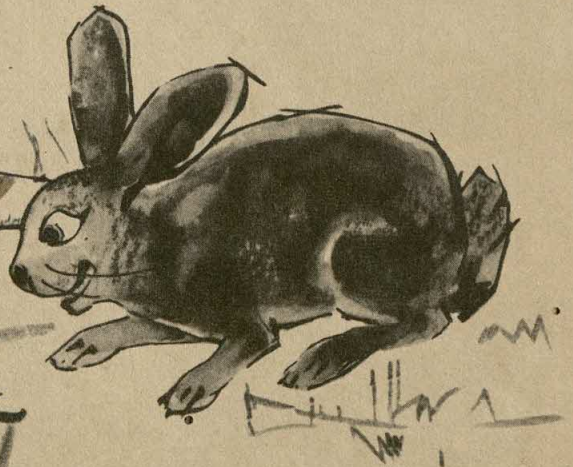
turned she found her home
occupied by the rabbit.

She was very angry.

“What are you doing
here?” she asked. “This
is my house.”

“Your house?” said the
rabbit. “It is mine now.
I have lived here for many
days.”

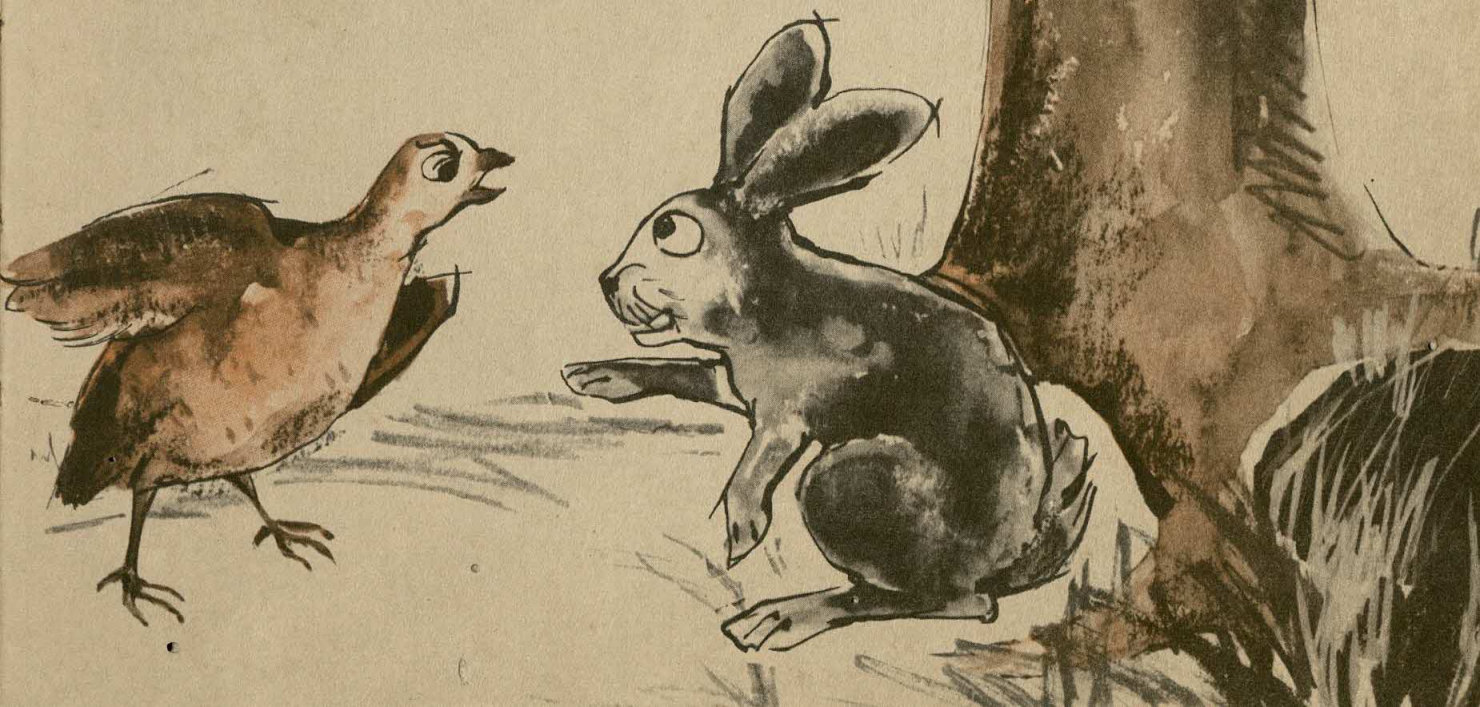
“But you cannot stay
here,” said the partridge.
“I built this house to live
in. I have always lived
here. You can ask the
neighbours if that is true
or not.”



"Why should I ask anybody?" replied the rabbit. "I found that nobody was living in this house, so I moved in. A house belongs to the one who lives in it. So it is my house now. You can ask the neighbours if that is true or not."

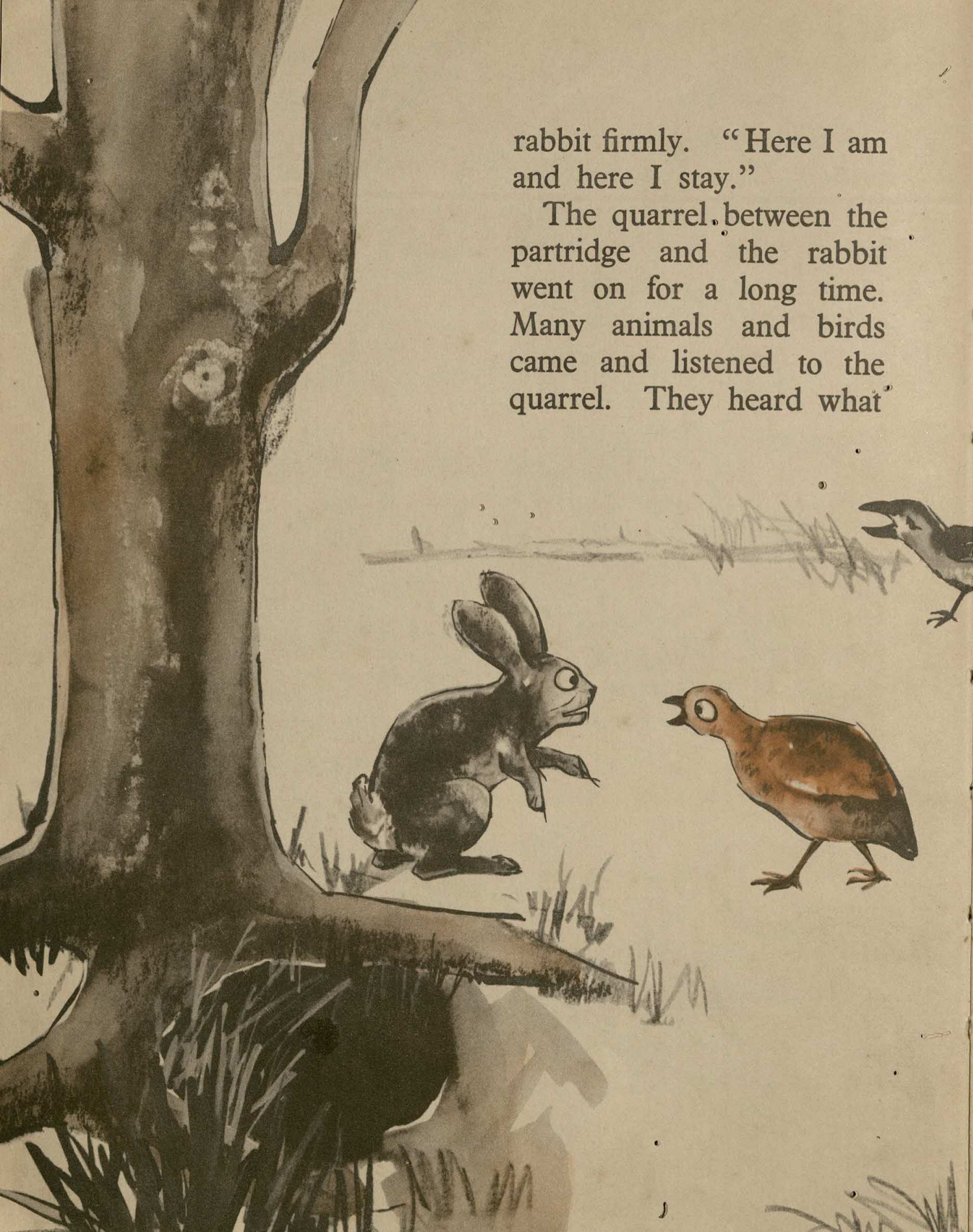
"No, it is my house," cried the partridge. "I went away for a few days to find some food. Now I have come back. Will you please get out of my house?"

"No, I won't," said the



rabbit firmly. "Here I am
and here I stay."

The quarrel between the
partridge and the rabbit
went on for a long time.
Many animals and birds
came and listened to the
quarrel. They heard what

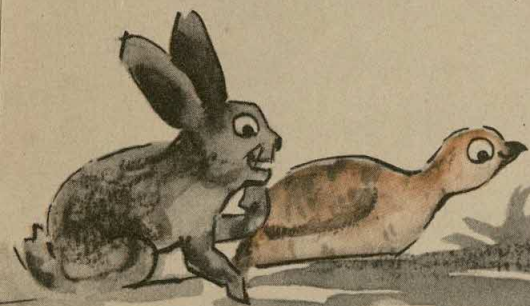


the partridge said, and they heard what the rabbit said. But none of them could say to whom the house belonged.

They thought that the partridge and the rabbit should find out what the law was. So the partridge and the rabbit decided to take the case to a judge.

It was not easy to find a good judge who would be able to decide such an important case. The rabbit and





the partridge walked for miles and miles and for hours and hours, looking for a judge.

At last they came to the bank of the river Ganga. And there, some distance away from them, they saw a big tom-cat.

They were frightened and stood still. They were both afraid to go near the cat because they knew how dangerous a tom-cat could be.

The cat saw them coming. He was a wicked cat. He quickly closed his eyes, stood up on his hind legs, and held up his prayer beads. He then started praying at the top of his voice.

The partridge and the rabbit were puzzled. They stood at a distance, watching the cat. This was the first time they had ever seen a holy cat. How nicely he was saying his prayers, they thought!



"I think we can ask this cat to judge our case," said the rabbit.

"Yes, I think so too," said the partridge. "But still, we must be careful. A cat is our natural enemy."

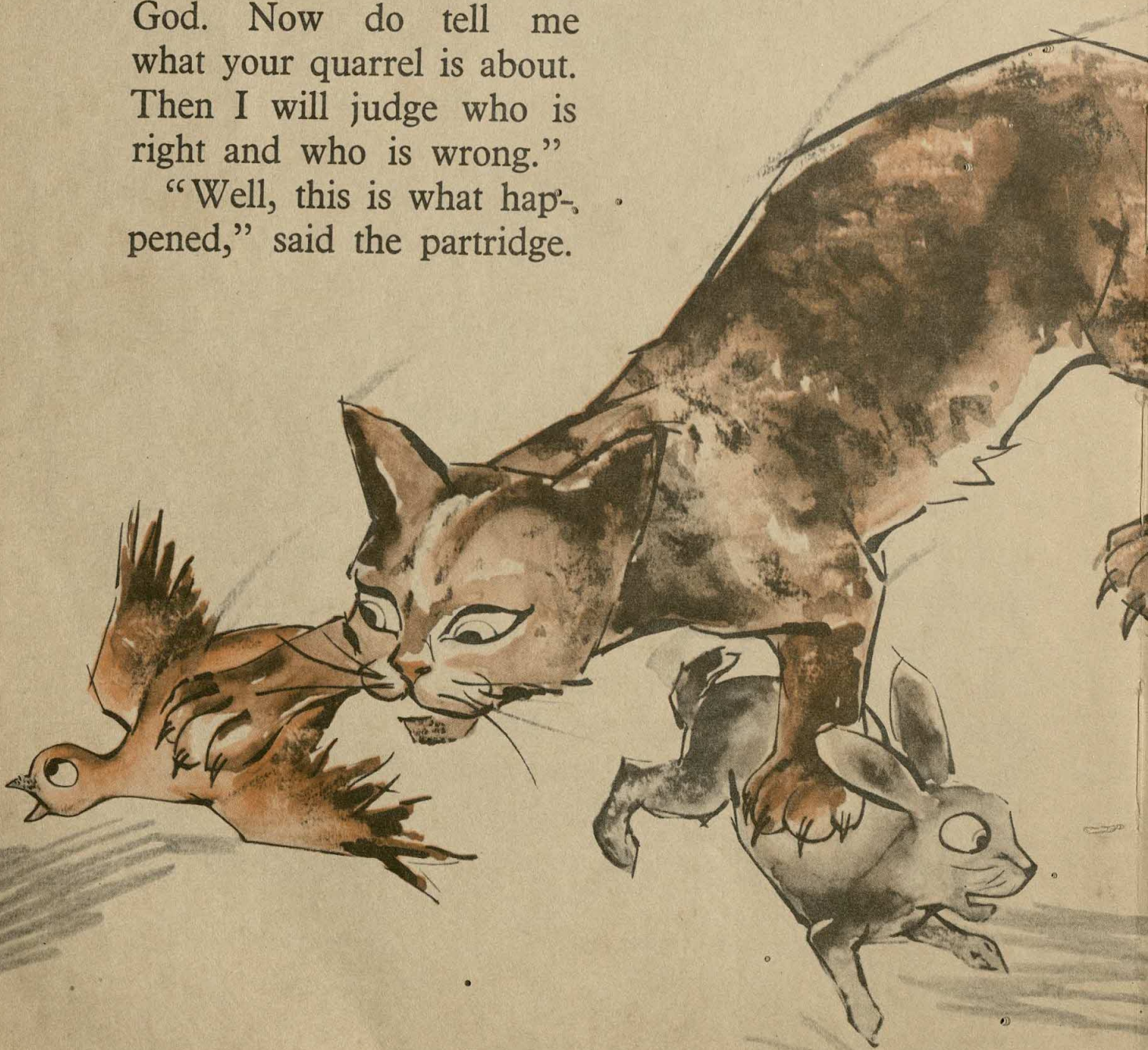
They stood in silence until the cat had finished saying his prayers. Then the cat opened his eyes and looked at them.

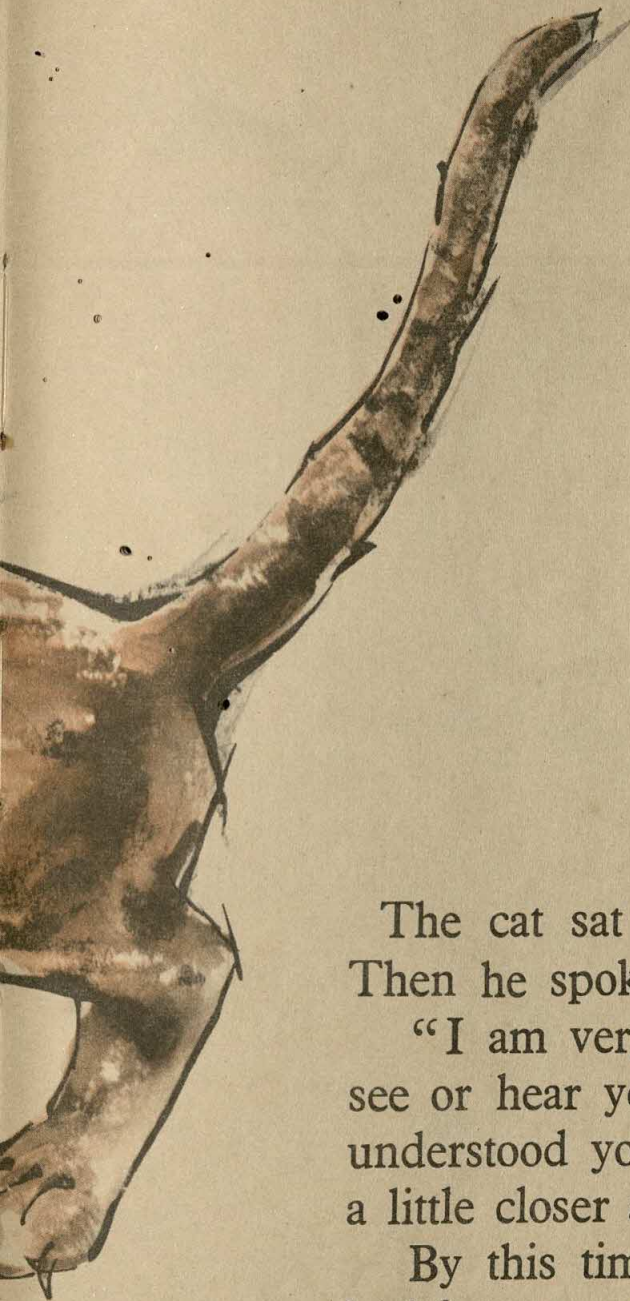
"Oh, holy sir," said the partridge, "a little quarrel has arisen between this rabbit and me. It is about an important matter of law. Please be kind enough to judge our case. Whoever you find to be in the wrong, you may punish."

"Dear friend," replied the cat, "do not say such a

wicked thing. You know I can never bear to see others in pain. Yet you say that I should punish one of you. Those who do harm to others will be punished by God. Now do tell me what your quarrel is about. Then I will judge who is right and who is wrong."

"Well, this is what happened," said the partridge.





"I went away for a few days and when I returned I found that this rabbit had moved into my house."

"My house, my house," shouted the rabbit.

"Now please keep calm," said the cat, "and let me hear the whole story."

So the partridge began her story again, and when she had finished the rabbit said what he wanted to say.

The cat sat in silence for a few moments. Then he spoke.

"I am very old," he said, "and I cannot see or hear you very well. I have not quite understood your case. Won't you both come a little closer and tell me all about it again?"

By this time the partridge and the rabbit had forgotten their fear of the cat. They fully trusted him. So they both moved close to the cat.

And, before they knew what was happening, the cat hit them both hard with his paws. Both were killed and the cat ate them up.



The Four Friends

By a lake, in a forest, there once lived four friends. One was a small brown mouse. He had big black eyes and a long tail. He lived in a comfortable hole in the bank of the lake.

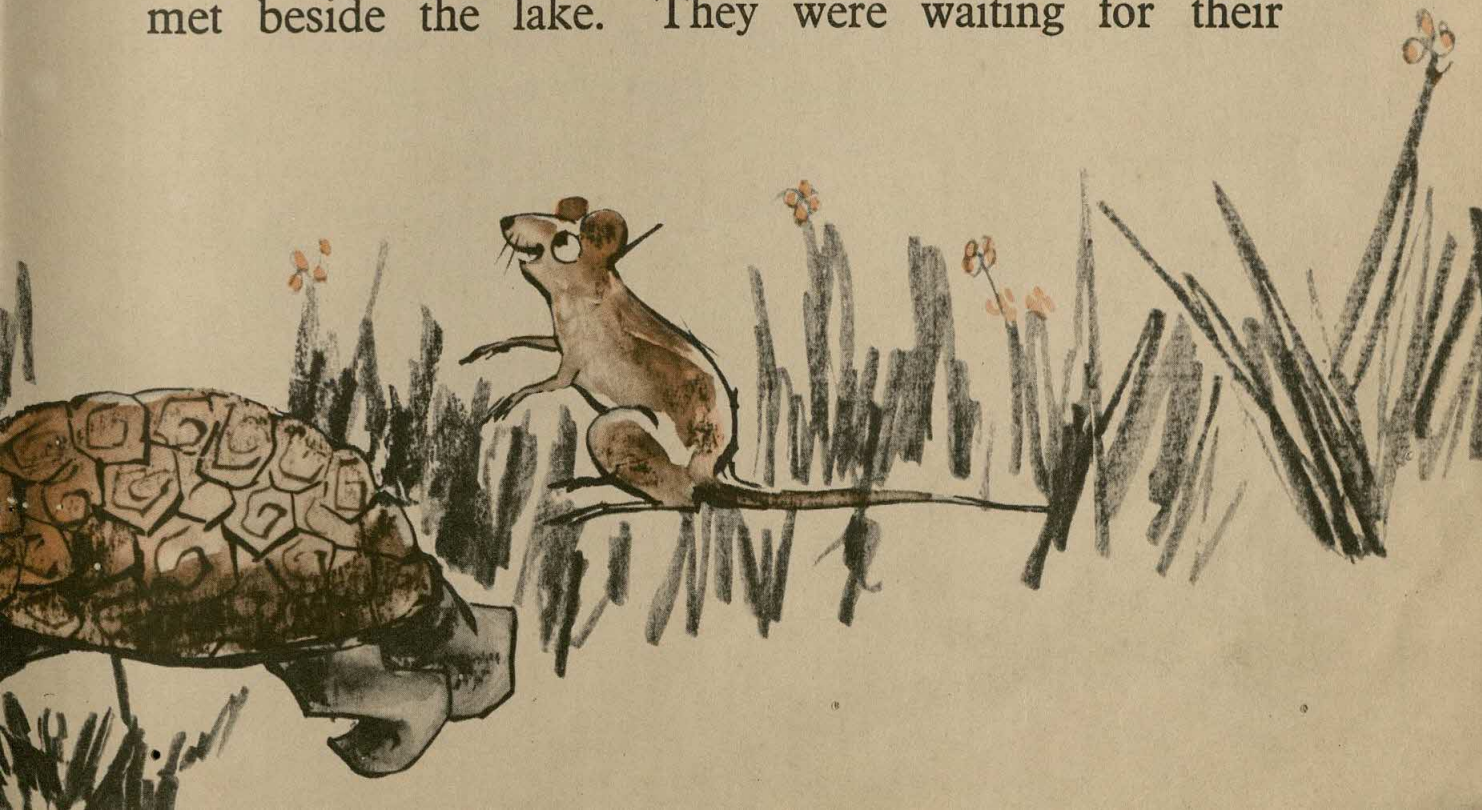
The second friend was a jet black crow. He lived on a jamun tree close by.

The third friend was a tortoise. He lived in the lake and was very happy there.

And the fourth friend was a deer. She had beautiful large eyes, and her golden coat had many white spots.

These four friends were very happy together. They lived peacefully and no one troubled them.

One evening, the Mouse, the Crow, and the Tortoise met beside the lake. They were waiting for their



friend, the Deer. But although they waited and waited for a long time, the Deer did not come.

"There must be something wrong with our friend," said the Mouse, looking very worried.

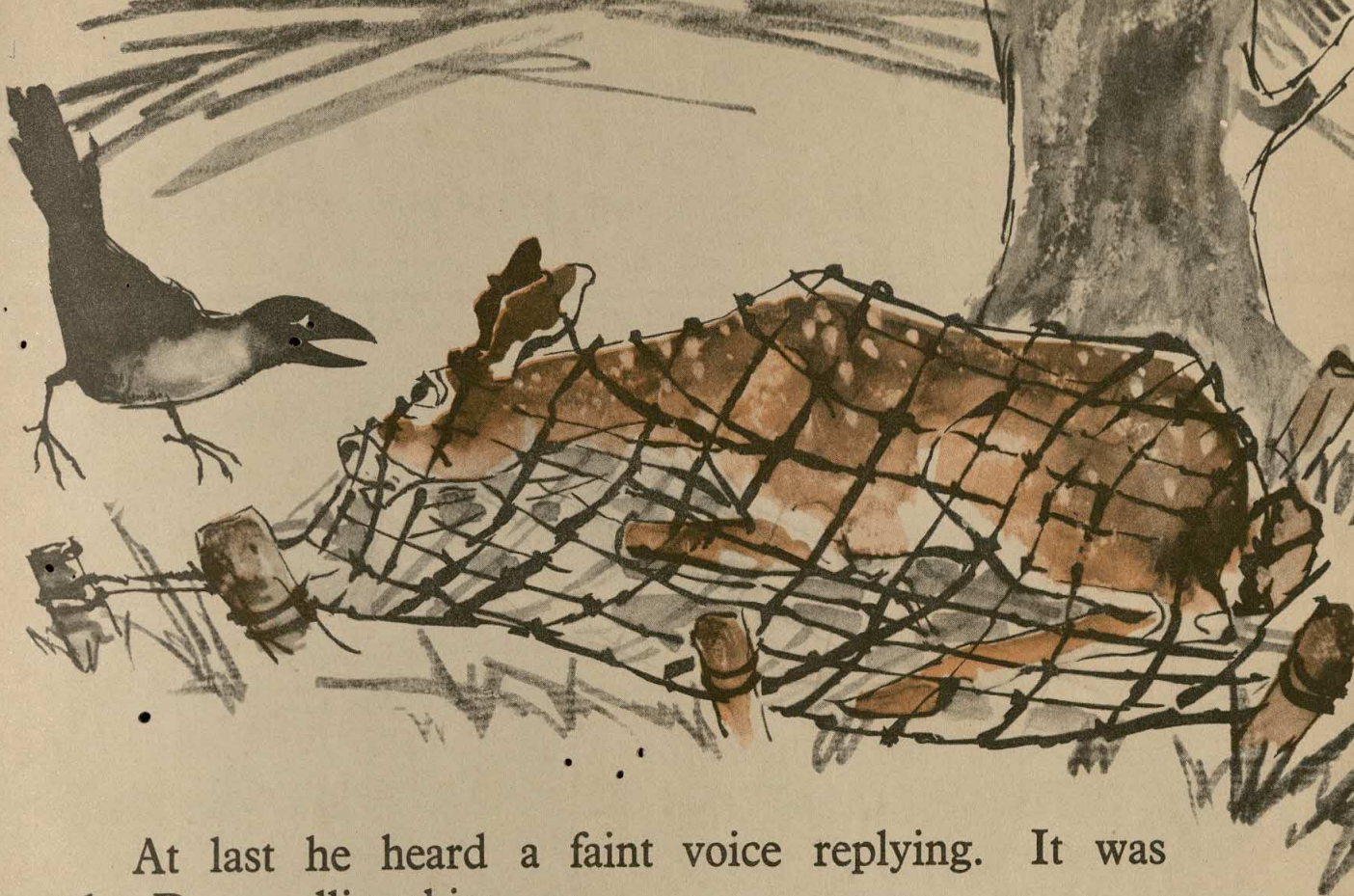
"Yes," said the Crow, "perhaps a wicked hunter has caught her in his trap. He may even have killed her."

"We must look for our friend," said the Tortoise. "Oh, Crow, why don't you fly over the forest and see if you can find her?"

"Certainly," agreed the Crow, "I shall go at once and look for our friend."

So the Crow flew over the forest, looking here and there, trying to find the Deer. He flew on and on, and as he flew he called out, "Deer! Deer! Oh, friend Deer, where are you? Where are you, Deer?"





At last he heard a faint voice replying. It was the Deer calling him.

"Help!" called the Deer. "I am here. Oh, help me!"

"Oh, there you are, friend," said the Crow. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

The Crow flew down to the Deer. Then he found that she was caught in a hunter's net.

"Oh, you are trapped," cried the Crow. "What can I do to help you? Shall I fly back to our friends for help?"

"Oh, please do," answered the Deer with tears in her eyes. "Please do something quickly."

So the Crow flew back to the lake. When the

Tortoise and the Mouse saw the Crow coming they called out to him.

"Have you found our friend? Have you found the Deer?" they asked together.

"Yes, yes, my friends, I have," replied the Crow. "But she is in great danger."

The Crow then told them how he had found the Deer trapped in a hunter's net.

The Tortoise thought very quickly.

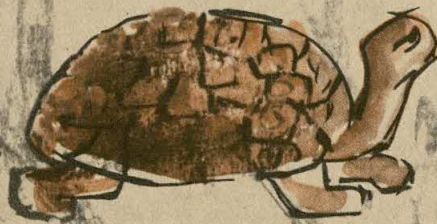
"The Mouse can cut the net with his teeth and set our friend free," he said.

"Yes, yes, I can," said the Mouse. "But how shall I get there?"

"I can easily carry you on my back," said the Crow.

"Come on, then, let us go," cried the Mouse. And he at once jumped onto the Crow's back.

So the Crow flew off with the Mouse on his back.



They soon reached the place where the Deer was lying in the hunter's net.

At once the Mouse jumped off the Crow's back and began to cut the net with his sharp teeth.

Soon the Deer was free. She stood up and shook herself.

At that moment the Tortoise appeared, crawling slowly towards them.

"Oh, how nice to see you, Tortoise!" cried his friends.





For a while the four friends were quiet, thinking about the Deer's escape.

Suddenly they heard the distant sound of someone coming through the forest.

The hunter was coming!

At once the Crow flew to the top of a tall tree.

The Mouse hid himself in a hole.

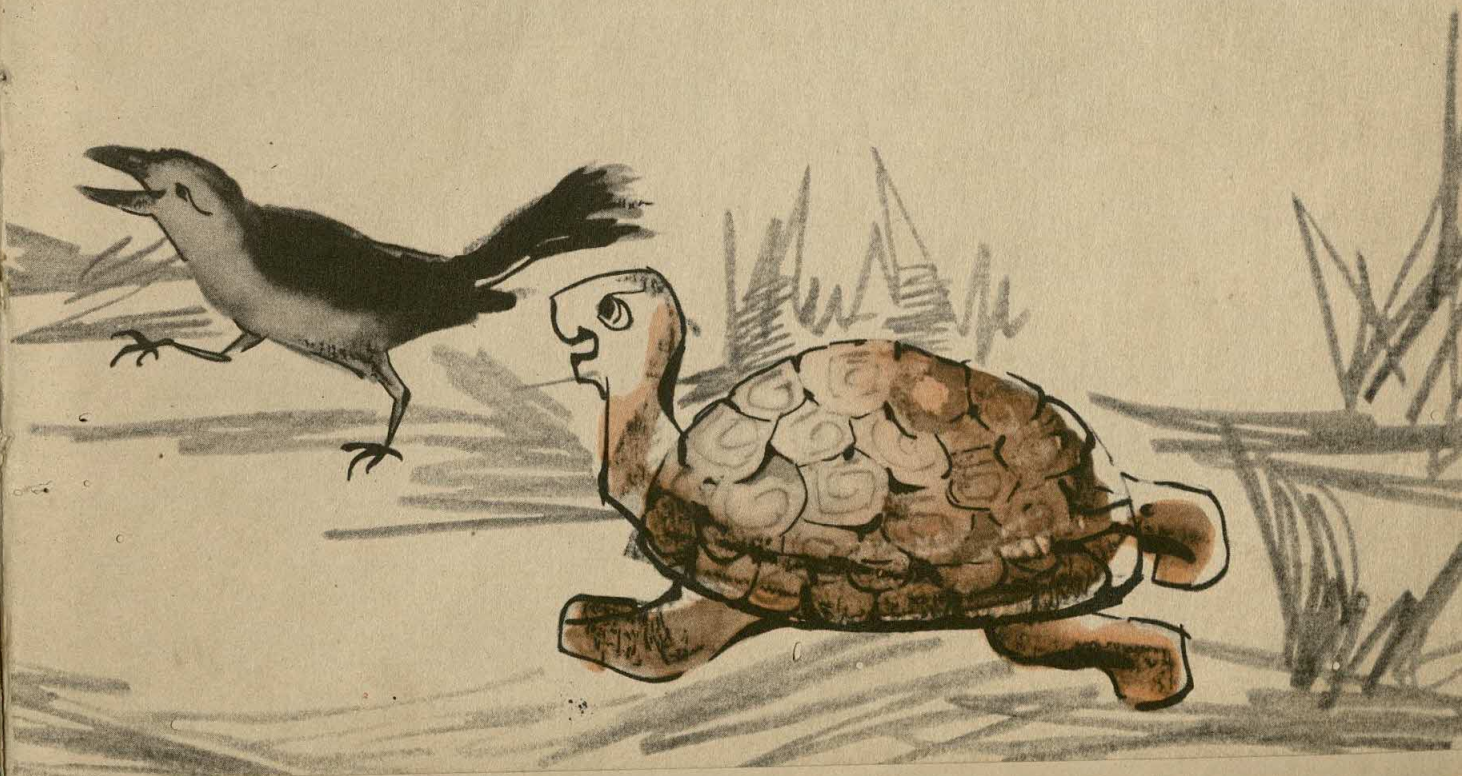
The Deer ran away and was out of sight in a moment.

The poor Tortoise, however, could not move quickly. Slowly he walked towards a big green bush.

The hunter arrived and saw that his net was empty.

"Oh, my deer has escaped!" he shouted.

Looking around for the Deer, the hunter saw the Tortoise who was still slowly crawling towards the bush.



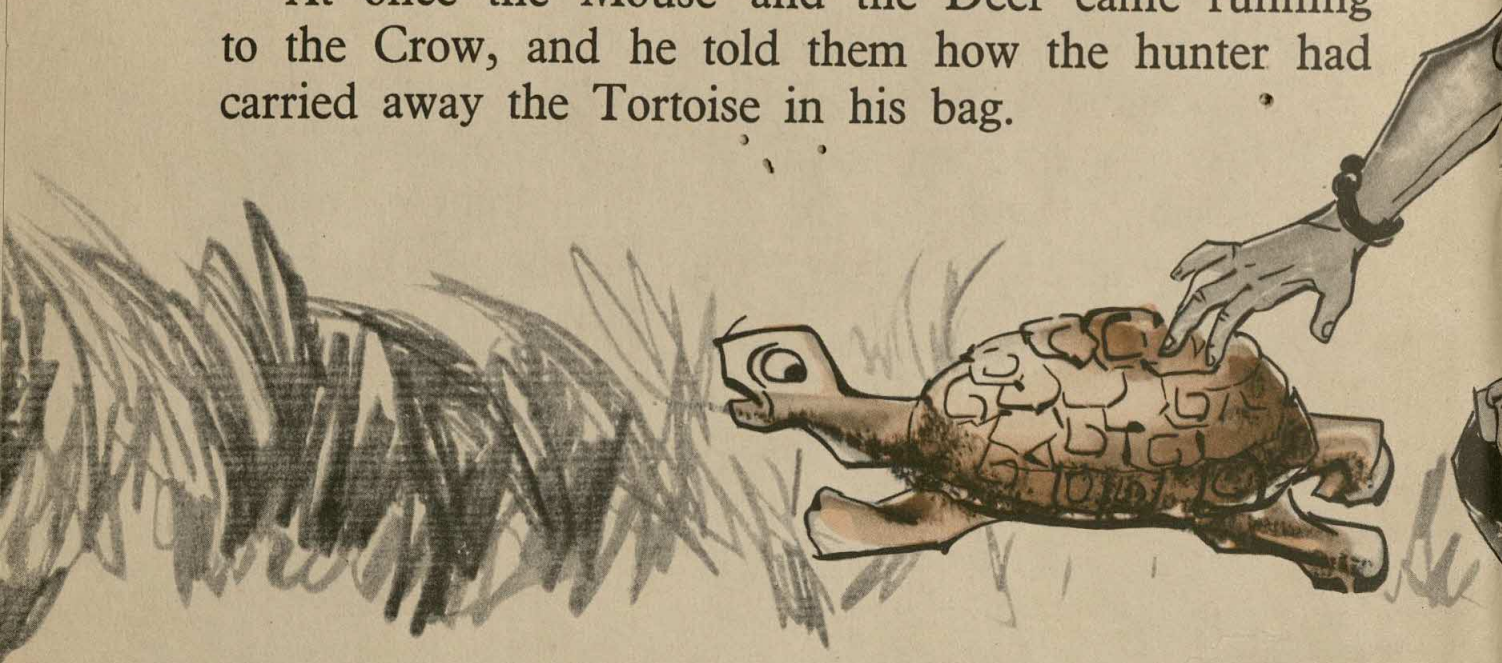
"Ha! A tortoise!" cried the hunter. "This will be something at least for my dinner."

And he quickly grabbed the Tortoise, put him in his bag, and carried him off.

The Crow, who was still at the top of the tree, saw what the hunter did.

"Oh, Mouse! Oh, Deer!" he called. "Come quickly! Our friend the Tortoise is now in danger."

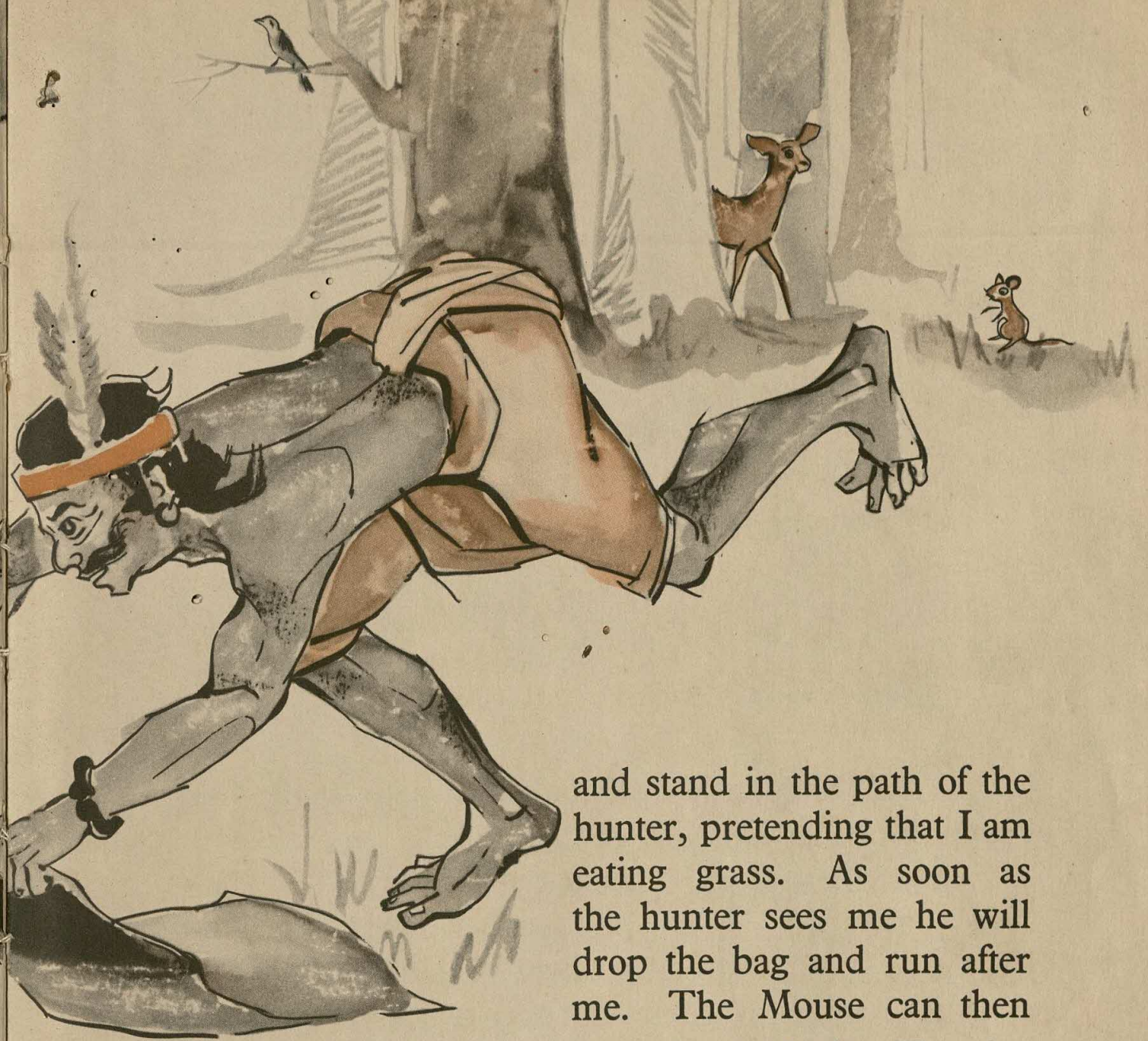
At once the Mouse and the Deer came running to the Crow, and he told them how the hunter had carried away the Tortoise in his bag.



"What can we do to set our friend free?" asked the Crow.

"We must do something quickly," said the Mouse, "before the hunter gets home."

"I know what to do," the Deer said. "I shall go



cut open the bag with his teeth, and the Tortoise will be free.”

“But supposing the hunter catches you,” said the Crow.

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” replied the Deer.
“I can run very fast.”





